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THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "SARAH PENDYKE;" OR, THE RISE OF THE DUCIE OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STRANGER.

A new life now began for Justina. Under the guardianship of Alfred Rivarès, and the fatherly age of his mother, she went wherever her fancy led her. She visited picture galleries, Art Unions, libraries, museums, and all the places she had often longed to see, flitting like a bird from place to place, and enjoying herself with a hearty, childlike abandon that was delightful to witness.

Perhaps, had Alfred Rivarès been a less man of the world, he would have experienced a dreary kind of pleasure at the sight of the fresh enthusiasm he could never feel again. But all things were as new to him as to her. The quiet student, in the college halls, beside the whistling Cam, had seen nothing, almost heard nothing of the gay world beyond. So, to the pursuit of pleasure, he brought a heart as innocent and unhackneyed as her own. It was a beautiful sight, that grave, handsome young man, and that bright gay girl, tasting, for the first time, the intoxicating draughts of life and love. Hand in hand they plucked the golden apples as they passed along, and would not, because they could not, believe that the only Dead Sea fruit—full of bitter ashes within. Well and happy was it for Justina that so kind and wise a shone over her head—that so fond and pure a heart beat responsive to her own—in that her first entrance upon the stage of life. So few there are of us who have known such blissful hours as these; and oh, not one of them in countless years does he or she are given twice!

They sat, one morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. Ernstein, Alfred, Justina and her mother Justina, who had been glancing over the columns of her favorite Morning Post, suddenly laid it down, with an exclamation of profound wonder.

"What is it?" said Mrs. De Courcy, looking up.

"To think," said Justina, with a radiant smile, "that in our search after pleasure we have forgotten such a place as that!"

"At what, my dear?"

"Why the theatre, mother, to be sure."

Mrs. De Courcy looked amazed.

"Have you ever been, Alfred?" asked Justina, turning to that young gentleman, who had risen with an exclamation of profound wonder.

"—only once or twice, Justina. To tell the truth, I am somewhat prejudiced against all amusements of that kind."

"How stupid!" was the quick reply. "But you must get over that feeling as soon as possible, for I want to go—and I must."

It was very evident that Justina's word was law, by the mute countenance with which the members of the little party looked at each other.

"If it was any other place, my dear," said Mrs. Ernstein, gravely, "I would not hesitate for a moment. But, really, I have no fancy for the theatre. I should not wish a daughter of mine to form a habit of going there. There may not be positive wrong in it, my dear,—still it seems a habit which is not easily broken up, and causes us to waste many an evening which might be far better employed. Now if it was a concert, or lecture, or even the opera—"

"I think scientific lectures are perfect bores, and I can't see why the opera is any better than the theatre," said Justina, in a fit of pettishness. "And I think it is very hard if I can't go—just once."

"The first draught will be so sweet that you will long to taste it again," said Alfred, eagerly. But when he saw the expressive and decided pout that welded her pretty lips were thrusting themselves, and the shadow of disappointment stealing over her bright face, he could not find it in his heart to go on.

"Don't look so grieved, little one," he said, more cheerfully, "and it shall go hard if we don't gratify you. Will nothing but this content you?"

"Nothing."

He turned to his mother with a pleading smile. "Then, mother, let her have her heart's desire. She is but a child yet, after all."

"Do you mean what you say, Alfred?" asked the little child, flying her lover's side.

"Certainly. And after all, as Justina says, where is the harm in going once? May she go, my dear Mrs. De Courcy?"

The kindly mistress, still looking uneasily at her child,

"Now, mother, darling, it rests entirely with you. Speak quick, I pray you."

"Well—yes," said Mrs. Ernstein, after a moment's hesitation. To say truth, she enjoyed the thoughts of such a treat, even while her conscience upbraided her for doing so.

"It is settled, then," said Alfred. And turning to Justina, he added,—

"Have you thanks for me?"

"Victory! victory!" cried the girl, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, as she sprang lightly out of the room.

They were that night; for to the eager Justina the pleasure was too great a one to be delayed. All day long she fancied something would happen to prevent the proposed excursion, and when at night she really found herself in a private box between the roof of Drury Lane, her delight knew no bounds.

She looked out from behind the silken curtains at the rapidly filling house, with a species of awe. Who were they all—drawn from every part of the great Metropolis, to look upon the self-same mimic scene. Were there, in that great sea of faces, any young girls as full of happiness as she—any lovers as devoted as Alfred—any mothers as kind as Mrs. Ernstein?

That eager, enthusiastic joy which waits impatiently for something, it knows not what, is perhaps the most glorious feeling of a lifetime. Justina looked down into the pit, and wondered gravely over its occupants. She looked reverently at the mysterious green curtain which hid so much from her eyes—the faint smell of the orange bowl—the lamps—the dull smell of the orange bowl—the glimmering footlights were like stars of glory. And when, as if by magic, the lights throughout the house brightened in an instant, and the orchestra burst into a grand overture, she fell away at last into a liquid melody, as soft, and sweet, and sad as the thoughts that come with the summer twilight, of those we have loved, and who are lost to us forever, she could restrain her emotion feelings no longer, but felt a choking sensation in her throat, and knew that the burning tears in her eyes were falling upon her cheek. She dashed them away, feeling half-angry and half-ashamed at her weakness. As she looked up, she was a little startled to see a gentleman in an opposite box, leaning forward and looking earnestly at her. He was a man apparently past middle age, with dense but curls thickly sprinkled with gray, and the most melancholy face she had ever seen. He did not withdraw his eyes when she looked toward him, and yet she could not feel angry at his silent boldness. It was not the gaze of a libertine, or the idle stare of a stranger, but it was the long and earnest look of a man who, having lost, forever, all that was dear and precious to him, sees it suddenly rise up before him in another form, and so far removed from his reach as the heavens are beyond the earth.

It was a look like that which a mother gives to the life-like portrait of her buried child—a look like that a lover turns upon the heaven he has loved, when he sees her leaving the altar at the side of another.

Where had she seen that sadly beautiful face before? The pale, distinguished bearing was surely strangely familiar to her memory, and yet she could not recall their meeting! Surely she had known him—heard him speak—and seen him weep—but where? She was almost inclined to believe in transmigration of souls, as she thought of him, and say that in another state of being, and in another form, she had known the man whose powerful glances was even then seeking to lay bare the very secrets of her soul.

She felt the silence, but vainly tried to escape from it. The party in her box were strangely still —the could almost hear herself breathe. Alfred sat with his head leaning on his hand, just behind her, dreaming of the time we soon to come, when he should call her all his own, and Mrs. Ernstein was deep in the last volume of a fashionable novel, which she had brought with away the time.

Left entirely to herself, the young girl sat before the strangers, confused and fascinated as surely was ever a poor victim by the fatal grace and beauty of the deadly serpent. Once or twice, but never let her eyes sway for a moment, she felt that his strong glance was on her, and turned again to meet it. Her heart sank slowly and sadly down of undefined terror, as those clear dark eyes controlled her will. What strange and secret interest lay between them, that thus, over that sea of heads below, and in the pauses of that love and mournful music, they should thus hold communion together?

She was asking herself that question wonderingly, when a little bell tinkled sharply, and the music suddenly ceased. Like one in a dream she turned to Alfred, and clung to him as he leaned forward to speak to her, as if he could shield and protect her from the unknown evil she dreaded.

The bell tinkled again, and after a second of intense expectation on her part, the heavy green curtain rolled up slowly. The spell cast over her by the stranger, was broken, for a time, at least—for there, before her, was the realization of her girlish dreams—the stage, glittering with footlights and beautiful scenery—and brilliant with the throng of gaily dressed actors who were walking slowly to and fro, beneath the trees of a ruined park.

The play was a strange one. A young artist, who was the hero, was seeking earnestly for the ideal woman of his dreams—who should become his wife, and dwell with him in his cottage by the sea. He found her at last, but it was as the wife of an old man, who had bought her beauty with his gold. The sleeping heart of Zecchia awoke at the first sight of the impassioned young Claude—but it only woke to a fearful struggle between love and duty. Alas! love conquered, and the guilty pair fled. Incense and shame followed, and in utter despair the lovers committed suicide and died in each other's arms.

Such was the story which Justina saw enacted before her. It was not a good one a moral one, but it was deeply and terribly fascinating.

Justina had been educated strictly. And had the inner heart of the actress been laid bare before her eyes at that moment, she would have been apt to condemn, rather than to pity her. But we ignore, upon the stage, a thousand things which would shock us in real life. (And here, I think, lies the secret of its evil and immoral tendencies!) And Justina consoling herself with the reflection, that such things were only done upon the stage, and must, that it would be so in real life, leaned from her box in glowing silence, as the proud head of Zecchia fell back in accursed death, and saw that the tears from her eyes with a heavy sigh, as the green curtain came slowly down and shut out that picture of love and guilt, of shame and sorrow, from her eyes forever.

"I declare, Justina is crying," said Alfred, whose own long eyelashes looked suspiciously moist. "Why it is only in fun, you know, little one. Come, cheer up before the lights!"

But the girl didn't stay for the lights, Alfred. We will come another time for that. But just now I only have no heart to laugh. And what is very one making such a noise for. Is the house on fire, Alfred?"

She clung to his arm, pale and terrified at the bare idea of such a catastrophe.

"No, little one," he said, pressing her hand reassuringly. "They are calling the actress before the curtain—that is all."

It was a long time before she came. A perfect hurricane of shouts and cries filled the great building, when suddenly a tall majestic figure draped in flowing white, glided out from the side of the stage, and stood before the great multitude. Like a statue of Peace she stood there, with her arms folded upon her breast, and her proud resolute face turned toward them, quelling the tumult without a single word.

But only for a moment. With one accord the mighty multitude rose to their feet, applauding her. Wreaths and bouquets fell at her feet, and were picked up by the stage manager, who had followed her. But not even her brilliant success could move her. She seemed a lonely heartbroken woman, as she stood there in her glory. She bowed slowly and gracefully, and the moment the curtain was lifted and she glided out of sight like a troubled spirit. A solemn hush reigned through the house—every one felt as if something fearful had happened.

Justina drew a long breath as she caught the last flutter of the white robe, and then her burning head fell upon her hands.

"Oh, why am I not an actress?" she said to herself, with passionate ardor. "Zecchia looks unhappy—but what of that? I could bear unhappiness cheerfully, to meet with such success. Oh, if I could but once hear such ringing cheers as were given her to-night, I would gladly lie down and die!"

THE TELL-TALE PORTRAIT.

We crave pardon for our poor Justina. She was but a child at heart, and this first glimpse of the glorious life of an actress, had bewildered her. She did not know how much blood clings to the gaudy garb they wear.

She was roused from her meditations by the light touch of Alfred, who was folding her forced cloak around her. The open glare of Mrs. Ernstein was taking observations of the people, who now began to leave the house.

"Dear me, how very strange!" she exclaimed at last, in an animated tone.

"What is strange, my dear mother?" asked Alfred.

"Why, that gentleman in the box opposite. I have been watching him for many moments, and I am certain he has had his eyes on our box all the time. Justina, my dear, I am very sure it must be you he is looking at. I hope you have not been doing anything strange or improper."

Justina's cheek flushed hotly, as she looked forward the stranger, who had been forgotten for awhile. Yes, there he sat, with his dreamy, melancholy eyes fixed upon her. He averted them now: he saw that he had attracted their attention, and rose as if to go.

Alfred took up his mother's remark quite indignantly.

"I am sure Justina has done nothing out of the way, mother—and the gentleman was only looking, no doubt, accidentally, I suppose." But if you don't wish to stay for the farce—are you sure you do not, Justina?"

"Oh no—no," she murmured, feeling the old spell coming strongly over her once more. "Let us go home as soon as possible."

"Then take my arm—come mother, here is the other side for you."

They left the box, and mixing with the throng went down the stairs. Justina felt, although she dared not look around, that the stranger was close beside them.

After a tiresome delay occurred at the door, and Alfred grew impatient.

"I am sure something has happened," he said to his mother. "If I had any one here who could take charge of you a moment, I would go and see about the carriage."

His eye fell upon a grave looking man wrapped in a military cloak, who was leaning against a pillar near by. The profound melancholy of his countenance—Alfred's fervor at once, and approaching him he said quietly.

"Sir, I fear an accident has befallen my carriage. May I request you to have the goodness to stand near these ladies, while I go and see about it."

The gentleman bowed, but made no other reply. As he took his place beside them, Justina distinctly heard him say,

He did not presume upon his position, however. He did not even speak, after the first polite salutation had been exchanged, but stood beside them quietly till Alfred returned, with the disagreeable information that the carriage was found in an inn house near by.

Then as Alfred assisted his mother into the carriage, he offered his hand with grave courtesy to Justina. She hesitated a moment, and felt her hand grasped suddenly, and pressed to a mouth tightly fold. Before she recovered from her confusion, the door was closed, and the stranger and her lover had turned to thank him.

She saw him shake hands cordially, and heard Alfred saying—

"I should be most happy to make your further acquaintance. Will you favor me?"

They exchanged cards—the stranger raised his hat, and they drove away.

"General Rustece Saville," said Alfred, reading the card by the light of the carriage. "Why mother, it is the very man we were talking of the other day, who has distinguished himself so in India. How strange, and how fortunate! I must not let this acquaintance drop."

But Justina said nothing. Her dreams that night were all of the gallant soldier of whom she, too, had often heard; but when they spoke of him she next morning at the breakfast table, and told of his many gallant exploits, she was silent, and seemed to have her whole attention divided between the paper and her muffin.

She was learning one of life's first lessons—the art of hiding her real feelings.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLIRTING.

On a soft, balmy beautiful morning, nearly a week after the eventful evening at the theatre, General Saville sat in his own private apartment, at the Adelphi, looking over a list of army reports. The windows of this room were open, and through all the smoke and fog of London a breath of warm, spring air had found its way, and was playing, refreshingly, around the place.

This man was grave, and stern, and cold in appearance, and the appointments of his room partook, accordingly, of the same characteristics. A narrow camp bedstead, of iron, stood in one corner of the room. A sabre and a yataghan crossed each other above it. A small dog, tattered, and mangled, and riddled with bullets and sword-thrusts, waved upon the wall. It had been taken, by the hand of the general himself, from a fort in India, which he had stormed at the head of his troops.

The remaining articles of furniture were very simple. A few camp-chairs, a centre-table, covered with dispatches, writing desk, and travelling-book at which the general was sitting, comprised the list—if we except a heavy, brass-clasped, and iron-bound trunk, which, evidently, even service as well as its master.

The general looked pale and ill at ease. He wore a plain, undress uniform, and a magnificent cashmere dressing gown, which was his only ornament. A small, plain, gold ring, delicate in its workmanship, but of great worth, glittered on the third finger of his left hand.

So far, so good," he said to himself, and his soft, grey eyes sparkled with satisfaction, as he saw the honorable mention of his name, which had been made in the report.

"Not in vain did I give up all!" he exclaimed, rising, and walking the floor. "Not in vain did I throw myself into the breaches, and fight with all the fury of desperation. They thought it was because I was reckless. They little knew how reckless and daring a man will be, who has nothing left to lose, and all to gain,—or die! And here is the reward my mistaken judges have given me!"

He still smiled, proudly.

"Is it not well worth all I have paid for it? What was I before? Only a man—and—no!" he added, with a darkening frown, "not even a human one. Only one among the crowd, who eat and drink and smile every day, and die and are forgotten. Now—thank God! I leave an honest and unblotted name behind me. But alas, to whom? I have no child—no wife—nor may I have?"

He leaned against the window, and looking out, sighed heavily.

"Did time? did time? how they come up before me here in London! Here are they all whom I have loved, and who loved me! Gone—gone—I know not where! And yet—I know not why—but I could almost move heaven and earth if I could but look upon one face to-day, and hear one voice say that I was forgiven. It may not be! Alas! I never shall hear that voice again on earth!"

He buried his face in his hands, and stood motionless and sorrowful.

The door opened suddenly, and a tall, jovial looking man, with a bronzed and bearded face, who wore an undress uniform like the general's, came up behind him, and struck him heavily on the shoulder.

"How now?" he said, with a smile that displayed a set of teeth as white as those of a hound. "Are you not yet done with that horrible habit of thinking?"

"Ah, George, I wish I could be!" said the general, turning to face the good humored face of his friend, Colonel Sair, who threw himself down in a very cheap, and much worn, velvet-cushioned lounge with a complacent smile.

"It's all 'cod,' George," as Major Halpike used to say. "Depend upon it, it's all 'cod.' What was that line about thinking in the Rejected Addresses? I can't call it to mind."

"Thinking is but a weary waste of thoughts—
For naught is everything, and everything is naught."

"Is that what you mean, George?"

"Exactly," said our friend, quite the moral home to yourself, my boy, and look more lively. What have you to do with the contrast of thought of our sins as you are forever doing, what a solemn-faced set we should be! Cheer up, man. Where do you date to-day?"

"At the Club."

"I have come for me at your table, and I'll take my station with you. Do you agree?"

"Certainly."

The colonel yawned. Evidently he was weary-tug of the after-dinner life his friend led, and was at a loss to know what to say next.

He was spared the trouble of inventing any such brilliancy, for the general started with a sudden spring from his chair and rushed to the window with an eager exclamation.

"He, what now?" he asked, following.

His friend pointed eagerly to a carriage which was slowly turning the corner, and murmured—

"By Jove, I've lost her!"

"Lost whom?"

His marked as if he had unconsciously betrayed an important secret—but seeing the strong curiosity impressed on the colonel's face, he took him by the button, and pointing to the rapidly-disappearing carriage, said,—

"Do you remember my speaking to you of a

young girl, whom I saw about a week since, at Drury Lane theatre?"

"I remember everything about S—yes. But what of it?"

"She was in the carriage that just passed the window," said the general, impressively.

"Well—and what if she was? Is that the wonder who could see no great mystery in the occurrence.

"Perhaps yourself—were about the middle of September?"

"Ghost—I forgot. The cream of the matter is the young George. I believe I'm in love?"

"And with her?"

"Why?"

The colonel chuckled.

"Well—I fancy making sure to say. If you, with two flatteries for your woman-baiting propensities, have mentioned as discretion, so soon, there is no doubt of the case."

"I am afraid you are right, George, then."

"And that she does not see it all means? You don't intend to marry?"

A sudden melancholy emotion swept over the spirited face of his friend, as he spoke, but, plainly, such reckless nothings were visibly impatient to him.

"For God's sake," he gasped, "don't ask me. I do not know myself what I intend. Only I know that I am drawn and attracted towards her in preference to all I have ever met—and what will the wind be blithe, if not way to another."

The colonel shook his head gravely.

"Don't misunderstand me, George," said General Saville, laying his hand upon the shoulder and looking into his eyes. "I would not wrong that innocent child for the wealth of the world. I do not love her passionately; as I have loved others—I cannot love!"—he paused—then added hastily—"but no matter! It is not that which I would warn you of, I mean, George. It is an overpowering, irresistible sort of tenderness that fills my heart whenever I think of her. She is pure and pure—I believe she might make me so also. And because good-ness and purity must dwell with them, I would not her always with me—I must have her! Can you understand me further?"

"I'll be hanged if I can!" said the colonel—rising to his feet with sudden energy. "It strikes me, General, you don't know yourself very well what you want. All this kind of thing does very well for old misers! But you are not one! You should come down to the net, you would find you had mistaken yourself most terribly, I'm afraid."

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" said the general with energy.

"Only because you won't!"

Saville stooped short in his hurried walk up and down the room and looked fixedly at him.

"Perhaps it may be so, George. I will not believe myself of everything—but I shall think her—even though my best friend—the man who has fought by my side in the trenches, day after day, thinks so wisely of me!"

The colonel rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"It was not Beatrice Saville who said that. My dear old boy! I love and honor you above all other men; but you know as well as I what your life has been?"

"I know it, George," and the proud head of the general drooped in sudden humiliation as he thought of many a fitful and stormy passage of his, as their right name should be—for which he now had no thanks.

"I have—I didn't mean to hurt you, Beatrice," said the colonel, deeply moved by the sudden display of feeling. "You know I have no censure than many another man. That was not what I intended at all to say. Only to show you that I have noticed a serious matter."

"And that human nature might lead me on to deceive and betray this young girl?"

"Yes—it is possible."

"I never thought so poorly of it before," said the general, gravely.

And then there was a long and painful silence between the friends.

Saville walked his head at last, and the perplexed and doubtful look upon his face closed gradually away.

"But if I marry her," he said in a low voice. The colonel seized in surprise.

"Did you not tell me once that was engaged to young Beatrice? I am very sure, now I think of it, that I heard something of that sort."

"You did."

"And you will try to take his place? Oh, Saville, let me think better of you. You will stoop to making like that—"

"Think of me as you will—say, you must be prepared to see me in a new light, George," was the hurried reply. "I tell you frankly that I purpose no object to the death when I once determine to grow it. There is something about this girl that wins me quite against my will. She made up my mind to take her—and he who stands in my way must look for the consequences!"

There was a certain tendency of purpose in his usually calm face that made the colonel at the earnest man with which he spoke. Still the colonel ventured to dissuade his friend.

"It may be that the lover this young man—of course she does, since she is going to marry him A girl who lives in privacy with her parents does not admit you will find your greatest obstacle in her lover."

The general smiled contemptuously.

"A mere boy—a dreamer, whom she will soon forget, when her eyes have looked into mine and her love is thrown at her feet."

"Without asking one word to hear reason?" asked the colonel, incredulously.

"Nothing."

The powdered head of a servant was seen leaning in at the half-open door.

"Dinner is ready," said his master.

The valet entered, bearing a card upon a silver salver, and presented it to the general.

"What have we here?" he said, reading it aloud. "Mr. Alfred Hamilton. Show the gentleman up at once, Jacques. Could anything be more unfortunate for me?" he added, turning to the colonel. "You remember, I told you I expected a visit from gentlemen before and he is soon by your side. I am in a veritable dread day."

The valet retained, saluting to Alfred Hamilton, who came gayly up to shake the hand of the man who had, even then, been his rival. But he was a handsome man in the ground. Was it any wonder that the troubled heart of the general doubted for a moment?

"Why, where have you been, General? this age, my dear general?" cried Hamilton. "I have been expecting you every day, and my mother is quite outrageous with me, because you do not come. It is my nothing of another fair lady," he added, with an arch smile. "They have given me no peace since I saw you last, and this morning, my mother, hardly above me into remembering the forms of etiquette and coming to see if you were ill, or absent. I can assure you, sir, I am getting to be quite a secondary personage at home, and have half a mind to be jealous of you."

The general winced and colored.

"It is hardly worth the while, my dear fellow," he said, "as he did rose the words, with affectation with you, as you would soon find if Edward's rather out late with you. But since you have done to see, a most indecent friend of mine—we almost make a mother Pigmies and Pygmies—I shall call this—Mr. Alfred Hamilton."

The two gentlemen bowed and shook hands. The colonel gazed with a deep feeling of interest upon the two. The one, so young, so honest and loyal, and full of faith in all mankind—the other, a little to be trusted, and with that in his heart which would blight his joyous nature if the young man knew it.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," said Saville with a courtesy somewhat of restraint. "It looks unsocial to stand in this way."

"You must pardon me if I refuse your kind invitation," said Alfred. "I am in a great hurry—indeed, I was only sent in haste to order my errand, and am under orders to hasten back as soon as it is performed. May I ask if you are engaged to-day? or do you dine at home?"

"We old bachelors have no home you know, Alfred—my friend the colonel and myself—but I think the colonel and I will take our wine at the club."

"No—I have a better plan," said Alfred eagerly. "I come charged with the compliments of my mother, and my sister Beatrice, who will dine with us to-day. Do not refuse us. We may be accounted a very select party, and I know that it will be a treat to us. Besides, we have a box at the theatre, and my sister adores

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

BY RUTH STANLEY.

The Widow looked upon her boy
(He was an only child),
And through her tears a picture of joy
Beamed, as on him she smiled.

She said, because the thought it was
Who in the truth did lie.
Who was his mother or why such joy?
Why should so young be she?

She smiled, for in the infant's face
The father lived once more;
And the first mother loved in vain
His likeness saw and o'er;

And every look with joy so had,
And every movement dear,
And saw her more through the dark veil
Of time hide in that year.

Who hope, an empty vessel is now,
Thy cup could not appease?
For, ah, another short, brief space
Shines o'er the heart of these.

Should with yonder babe, each plan
In the anticipation shed but
Grief sorrow to the lot of man,
Widow, what's here for mine?

See, even now the tyranny hold
Is on this sacred child,
And the cold grasp that death shall wield
Into a lifeless clay!

Mortal! dost it pity yours,
Nor sear from out the grief?
Oh, hear a lonely widow's prayer!
She calls in sorrow vain.

Oh, spare—spare the mother yet!
Think children are dearer
When the stem gone beneath the sod
Which made it so dear!

Restless, he takes his patient's dart,
And since it is the will
For, ah! yet there may be a blissful meed part,
For love had made them one.

So gone she clung through the years to stand,
The double cost was hers!
And she but drains the bitter cup alone—
The Widow and her Son!

THE COBBLER'S TEMPTATION.

BY STEPHEN CONEY, JR.

Jacob Gropp sat in his little shop, upon his low bench, and rapped and tapped away busily enough upon his well-worn knee. He was a *jolly* fellow, was Jacob, for, like true-blood, he had just enough to be free of care. He owned the rocky hut in which he worked, and so he owned the little thatched cot that joined it. On the one were two rooms, and in the shop was one. In the cot he lived, with his wife and child. Jacob said, as the shop he worked cheerfully all the day long. He was an adept of cobbler's art. He sat there from worth carrying off; and he feared no man, for he never did man a wrong.

A cheerful fellow was Jacob Gropp. He sang as he pegged, and his joyous notes lacked only musical merit to make them perfect. He sang his ballads after the same pattern as were his cot and shop. He was short and dumpy; had a round belly, short good-natured face, and was a bald pate, though he was only forty-two.

"Trot-de-rol-lol-de-lol-bo-lang-!" sang Jacob.

"Tol-de-rol-de-riddle-de-rol-derimmum!" sounded a voice from the open door.

Jacob looked up and saw his wife.

"Just wait for Jacob, for all the world!" chirrupped she, clear, good-natured, and happy as a happy queen. She looked dressed queenly, for she was pretty, and the flush of health glowed upon her plump cheeks.

"Jacob," said Jacob, "the Ides o' this never happened alone."

"What is it, my own sugar-plum?" asked Hephzibah.

Hephzibah was her name, though she hadn't heard it pronounced in full for years.

"Do we this story, delight?"

"Yes, my love," said she.

"Tis the last work in the castle. Not another place to put a peg here; I put my last on't. Will the gates lower the draw-bridge, put the warden on guard, and call up my coach, eh?"

"No man will go and walk, peppermint!"

"I do, treasure."

"Shall I get on my silk, or satin? or my new velvet?"

"Put on all on 'em, my dear. We'll make an appearance. Hi-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lal!——There [illegible] the last peg——and that's the shoes are done. Scott—Scott—didn't ye ever feel thankful your name wasn't Scott, Hepsy, eh? There was a Scotia, as I said only last night, to my lords' committee. Had ye never heard of a Gropp's lady? put in all ourselves. Now, my handsome apron, we'll be off up the Strife Gropped."

Hastily he dropped, shoved, when a man made his appearance at the shop-door. He was an old man, bent, doomed, in black, throughout, carrying a pole-headed cane, and wearing a watch-chain of the same precious metal.

"Any work a cobbler?" he asked, as he entered.

"I was two minutes ago, sir; but I'm an old fondel have done, sir! Jacob Gropp is going to ride on, sir, and I'm to attend him."

"Sir—are you not the man who does mending?—mending boots and shoes? Are you not the man removing black a-pace, as though he feared the stranger before him was infectious?

"Yes, sir," answered Jacob, "I'm the man. But, my sir, hasn't visited my shop for weeks to a month. I just tossed off the last bit of work I had in the shop. I'm hurried, it amazingly, and was just agoing. It must be between me never mind her and the little one."

"Also, I," said the old gentleman, smiling. "Now you put run and tell your lady to wait for your husband, and I'll make her a visit. I'm in a hurry. The stage leaves in an hour, and my boy is there. Now, my friend, you won't refuse to assist me under such circumstances?"

"Ill-fond-de-lol! Well—I'spose I must stick to my business!"

Then speaking, Jacob left the shop, and when he returned he sat on his apron-bench and settled into his low seat. The old man took off his cloak and sat down, and the cobbler pulled off the fractured boot. He rapped lightly on the heel, with a stout wax-end, singing merrily the while, and when done ready to look on his work.

"You must to be a happy fellow," remarked the visitor, as he had watched Jacob's good-natured face awhile.

"Why should n't I be? I owe no man anything—have my health—and love to do my work—Trol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lado."

"You'll be by something, I suppose, for a rainy day?" pursued the stranger.

"Ay—forwards upon thousands of dollars, sir!" cried Jacob, giving his awl a furious push.

"What!—So much as that?"

"Ill! I'd like to show 'em to ye, sir—only they might have dirty faces. Seven on 'em, sir! Seven of the best-natured children ye ever see, sir, and stout and rugged, too."

"Ah—I meant to ask, if you had not managed to lay by a little money, my good man. You seem steady and industrious."

"Money?" repeated Jacob, with a comical leer. "Scout a one by money where there's five builds! himself house and garden! No, sir. Now does a man lay by money when he makes half a score a day and runs seven children. Then there 'ens 'll take care o' no-when I am old, never fear. No, sir.—

Money of gear, to hoarded store—
Those who have of it have none;
I live and breathe—do to-morrow—
To-day is a golden sun.
Pinch not, but all do live,
Live for to-day, to-morrow,
For no one knows what's before.

"Then you live improvidently upon your wages?" said the old man, regarding the cobbler rather severely.

"Just as contented as the day is long, sir. And why shouldn't I, I won't starve while there's a crust in the house, or a ripped shoe in the village. I should like money if I could have it; but I wouldn't pass one day and night of discretion for all the money in the world."

"And if you had money what would you do with it?"

For the first time Jacob looked sober. His awl was stopped in the puncture it had made, and his eye raised recently upon the floor. When he spoke all his lightness of manner was gone, and his voice was almost trembles.

"Well—I'll tell ye," he said, while a twinkling of the mother fly felt that he felt deeply. "I can't help thinking of my little one—the one before in," as at some fond little name. "They're good, and honest, and happy; but if they could have chance to a better more better! like their poor old father's got, I shouldn't mind. I can't help thinkin' as how I'd like to have a little money to two amongst 'em, that might make a doctor, or a lawyer, or a soldier, or a sailor, or a parson. They're in God's hands. I don't complain. Gropp—Jacob Gropp!—I'm contented as I am, sir, and then pulling it out—" thy should I? How many, and many, a rich father would give all his world if his children could only be doing as well as what they are!—Steady and wealthy, maybe—or, perhaps bad and wicked. Ill!—

There's no such word as contentment—
For by it we turning an eye,
Some trouble and all our comfort
Is turned to misery.

No, no, sir. Be good enough, and that's more'n everybody's got."

He beat his bobbin, and the old man took out a golden guinea.

"Here, my lad, buy for such a piece, sir," said Jacob.

"I don't want any change. Take it all. A shilling is to pay you for mending my boot; and the rest is for your wife and children—to pay them for the loss of their work. Come, my apprentice."

He took the coin, and though his thankfulness was deep, yet its expression was simple and polite. The old man left the shop, and Jacob went on. The wife came in, and Jacob showed his treasure. They were rich as fortune's how. They danced and sang, and then called the other of the food.

However, after this they went and took their work—they and their children. The eldest child was only twelve, and the youngest was two. Tommy and Johnny, Betsy, Polly, Nancy, and Molly looking family.

That night Jacob returned and entered his shop the first thing he saw was a green silk purse. He picked it up, and found it full of gold. Quick as thought he put on his hat again and left the shop. He reached the hotel, but the stage had gone, and the old gentleman had gone with it. So the cobbler returned to his cot, and there sat down with the purse in his hand.

"What shall we do with it?" he said, musically.

The wife pondered a long while, and finally she replied,—

"Let's take it down nether and hide it. Then we shan't be robbed of it, nor we shan't be tempted, and when he comes we shall have it for him."

"I suppose I shall never hear from him again."

"Then we'll leave it with our children, and they may use it."

"Happy—my delight—you are right."

So they went down into their narrow cellar, and having locked all secured, they left the purse in a store from the wall, put the purse in—having first called it up to many thickness of wrapping paper—and then put the stone back as it was before.

On the following day the cobbler watched for the coach, and when it came he went up to the saloon to see if the old gentleman had come back. This he did every day for a week, and to old man came.

At the end of that time Jacob was taken sick. He was very, very sick; and for a long while the doctor despaired of his life. And Jacob was very poor, too. Many a night the children would say, perhaps to bed.

"Jacob," whispered Hepsy with a frightened look, "*there's gold in the cellar?*"

"Jacob," would he never speak of it again?" gasped Jacob in agony. "I've thought of it! Ay! —there's gold there; but then can—him—but I can Hepsy?"

"I didn't mean you'll take it, Jacob—I didn't mean we'll take it—but my wife—I only thought you mustn't die!"

"I don't die, my delight. But I should die if we took *that*. Then can't, Hepsy?"

After many days Jacob Gropp was able to walk out. One pleasant morning he did so, as he hobbled slowly along upon a crutch and a staff, he saw the stage-coach coming. It passed him, and then he saw that same white-haired old man upon the box with the driver. The poor cobbler hurried on, and when he reached the tavern he found the old man standing in the hall.

"Ah—is this my merry cobbler?" cried the stranger.

I am the cobbler who mended your boot last spring, sir," replied Jacob.

"Now—I know you!" added the old man; "and the stage-driver tells me you have been very sick."

"I have been sick, sir. But it was made me very poor, and I caught a cold."

"The driver tells me your family suffered much during your illness."

"Some—not much, sir. But then I'm thinking now. Didn't you lose something on the road you came to my shop?"

"Why—I missed the old man, starting. "Did you find anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is a purse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of green silk?"

"Yes, sir."

"With fifty gold guineas in it?"

"I don't know what was in it. I found it; and if you will go down with me you shall have it."

The stranger regarded the cobbler for some moments in silence, and finally said he would go. So Jacob led the way to his dwelling.

"Here, my love," said the cobbler, addressing his wife, "let us have a candle. The gentleman has come for his purse."

"We haven't got a candle, Jacob; but I have candlesticks and will answer."

And then speaking, Hepsy went out, and when she returned she brought a tallow-candle already lighted by the fire. Jacob took this and stirred towards the cellar, and the stranger followed him.

"I say get on, sir."

"Go on—I'll follow you."

The cobbler said no more, but hobbled down the narrow steps, and when he came to that part of the wall where the purse had been concealed he asked the companion to hold the torch. This latter did so, and then Jacob removed the stone, and then the many wrappings of paper, and held it down. They returned to the upper room, where Jacob displayed the green purse, and produced the purse unopened.

"Here, sir. Here is your purse, just as I found it."

The old man emptied out the broad gold pieces upon the table, counted them fifty of them. He returned them to the purse, and then looked into Jacob's face.

"Have you suffered for want of money during your illness?" he asked.

"Much—much," was the answer.

"And you had this gold by you all the while?"

"I wasn't tempted, sir. Once may have suffered, but not as I should have suffered had I taken that. I thought it was my own—that I could do as I like when you remember poor old Jacob Gropp and his wife and children, and his own wife, and—but I haven't very Varned—but you'll say they were honest."

"Gropp!—*Gropp!*—*Gropp!*" repeated the old man, fixing his gaze, not upon Jacob, but upon his wife. "Are you Jacob Gropp's husband, sure you?" turning to Jacob.

"I am," answered the cobbler.

"From what part?"

"From Dawnbury, among the hills of Northampton."

"And when was your name before you were married?" asked the old man, of the wife.

"My maiden name was Hepsebah Munson, sir."

"Were you born Dawnbury?"

"No, sir. I was from Kilwarth, in Leicester. I went to Dawnbury before I was sixteen."

"You never had a brother?"

"Yes, sir. I had one—George—he went off to India, and drowned. Poor George! He was a good boy—he was very good to me. He was a sailor, and he would be never away."

"How do you know he is dead?"

"Because we never more heard from him, sir."

"Hepsebah!" cried the old man, starting to his feet with excitement. "Look at me, I say! See if ye can't call me who I am. I remember well of hearing that you had married a man named Gropp; then find that I had a sister Polly. Come, my good woman!"

"Why, my sir—why ye know me?"

"Hepsebah! Gropp! Hepsebah Munson! Jacob Gropp from her chair, and trembling like an aspen.

"Jacob Gropp!" she repeated. "Didn't your name Jacob?" And as the old man spoke he arose, and with a face worked in golden thread, but which she had not detected. She, also, arose from her chair.

Then she looked into the time-worn face, and then—by the feature of one—she knew him. Her years long agone were revived to her. It was her brother George who stood before her.

Presently Jacob Gropp saw his wife in the old man's arms, and with one bound he reached the two, and fell upon them.

"There!" he cried. "Now you! Suppose I'll take a share, sir? If I had, then would never have known George Munson! I tell ye, there's always some good in every wrong if you search. I'm come some time, ye may depend. George—how glad I am! I'm glad now that we didn't touch your gold. We would have been punished for our right's brother in the face after it! How d's do? Ye look well."

The latter half of this speech had been made with the old sailor's hand in his grasp, and then the thought had not settled. He was through Jacob's honest mind that any pecuniary good was to grow out of it.

But it was indeed Hepsy's own brother; and one who had not spent his fortune in store shore, but set out on his travels was to find his sister if possible. He had forgotten her name, and had therefore hired it but once in India, and then only casually and accidentally with a man who had just come out. But the old man was rich. He was glad that he found the only living relative he had on earth, he doubted not, in a position even with his.

A large house, on a beautiful eminence, the wealthy cousin of Jacob Gropp's wife, and the Uncle George bought it; and thither he took his sister's family to live with him.

Jacob Gropp's children were thus raised from some great doings in that large house. The little Gropps had a respectful teacher, and they became prodigies of learning. Jacob Gropp was founded as the wondrous intellect they display.

But the balance was kept up. As the little ones became more and more learned, they were also childish things. Jacob and Uncle George put them on, and became children themselves.

Jacob Gropp was never more caught in the act of jumping leap-frog over each other's shoulders; and had Jacob Gropp ever been caught at it, there is no knowing how many pecks might have been broken. Jacob Gropp was one of them, but the good dame retained all her strong sense to them were many seasons when, in the delight of their hearts, the pleasant seasons they, as he bobbin about along upon a crutch and a staff, he saw the stage-coach coming. It passed him, and there sat that same white-haired old man upon the box with the driver. The poor cobbler hurried on, and when he reached the tavern he found the old man standing in the hall.

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"Some—not much, sir. But then I'm thinking now. Didn't you lose something on the road you came to my shop?"

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"Yes, sir."

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VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

When Hercules, upon the divine moralist, was in that part of the youth, in which it was natural all men to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favored the meditations. As he was sunk deep in the most contented, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a majestic and more than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very lively and graceful air, improved by all the arts that was natural and easy, and her person clean and genteel. Her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her modest and behavior full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and florid colour in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and confidence to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien by a behavior of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colors in her dress that she thought were most proper to set off her beauty, and to no advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the fixed upon her with a simper. When they came in a nearer approach to Hercules she stepped before the other, and running up to him accosted him with a good carriage, and running up to him accosted him after the following manner:

"I find, my dear Hercules," said she, "I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life you ought to pursue. You are my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the most delightful scenes of pleasure that nature can create, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The elisian of other war or peace shall be never to disturb you. Those are the only employment shall be, to smile your life easy, and to make sure of every thing you can possibly wish for or imagine. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, cloaks of perfumes, variety of music, crowds of young beauties are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, the world of pleasure, and give a loose to every sense of joy that can be procured."

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, "My friends, and those that converse with me, are acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who had accosted him in the first place, with a very decent manner.

"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and tell you at once this is an established truth: That there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favor of the deities, you must attend to the duties of worshipping him; if the friendship of any man, you must study to oblige him; if the esteem of your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be master in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. Those are the only methods by which I can promise you any genuine happiness."

The first part of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse. "You see," said she, "Hercules, how much you are deceived, by applying to such lying and difficult, whereas that which I propose is both easy and delightful." She said the other lady, whose tongue flowed with a full career of words, began to recollect herself, and thus proceeded:

"Hercules, if you will be prevailed upon by these fair sisters, they will lead you to a great many toils and labors, in order to pave your way to my retreats, where no body ever entered that was not first conducted by one of us. But if you will be persuaded to follow me, I will immediately introduce you into my delightful habitation, where your whole employment shall be to please your senses, and gratify every appetite as it rises. Hercules, which of us two shall we conduct you to?"

Hercules, after some pause, addressed himself to the first:

"Madam, I shall not be forward to accept of your invitation, for I will not eat the bread of idleness, nor receive any favor, but as the reward of some service that I have done for the person who confers it. Nor shall I think it worth my pains to cultivate your friendship, or gain your esteem, by virtue, till I know whether you are capable of returning it."

Then addressing himself to the other lady, he desired to know what were her qualifications, and what services she could do to those who were admitted into her society.

"Sir," says she, "I am not used to make promises of any future favors, which I may never live to perform. But this I will assure you of, that you shall not be put to the pains of earning my friendship by any long services. If you will be my friend, you shall be so this day. I will not impose on you the task of preparing for pleasure, but will immediately admit you to the full fruition of them. Your first entrance upon them shall be your first reward. Pleasure is the only deity worshipped and adored by all mankind, and therefore I am the only goddess who have no occasion for mercenary votaries."

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"Sir," says she, "I am not used to make promises of any future favors, which I may never live to perform. But this I will assure you of, that you shall not be put to the pains of earning my friendship by any long services. If you will be my friend, you shall be so this day. I will not impose on you the task of preparing for pleasure, but will immediately admit you to the full fruition of them. Your first entrance upon them shall be your first reward. Pleasure is the only deity worshipped and adored by all mankind, and therefore I am the only goddess who have no occasion for mercenary votaries."

MERE CUNNING CONTEMPTIBLE.

After all the endeavors of men whom we call cunning, their whole work falls to pieces, it either trample down all others for such artificer; and trust is in no casualty quality, which they foresee to practice only become they either it. When the spider's machine in the fullness apparatus of his web, it is true, that he only can weave so fine a thread; but is it in the power of the merest drone that has wings, to fly through and destroy it.

A FABLE FOR WIVES.

In fine, that you may be loved

Reading is a dry mind. What example is to the body. As by the one health is preserved, strength acquired, invigorated; by the other, virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, exercised and confirmed. But as example becomes tedious and unpleasant, when we see it set only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and unentertaining, when we see ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the writer wisely has gathered from a fable, or an allegory, it like the health we get by bathing, that we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us forgetful of the fatigue that accompany it.

After this preface, we shall here give a very beautiful allegorical fable, which we particularly design for the use of married women, and those who, in their future, have complained that they have had the afflictions of their husbands, and do not see any other way to overcome them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of Mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an ascension in her, began to study how she might recover him to such a temper as would be amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in ambrosia, which not only cleansed her body, and diffused an divine an odor, as refreshed all her senses, and made every part delightful. She after her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and dressed herself in such a manner as best suited her charming features. She then put on a garment which she had received from the hands of Minerva, and which had been wrought into it. The four principal figures in the work were Love, Desire, Sweetness of Behaviour, and conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the heart, and overcome the mind.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, left the apartment, and as by accident, came in Jupiter, who is said to have been so much inclined to love by the sight of her, that he could not stay with him, protesting to her that she appeared more amiable in his eyes than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself had appeared in any former time.

This may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recall the affections of her husband. Juno did not make use of the dress with the particular blandishments which she had all the advantage of, but those of the

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

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FANNY FERN, SYLVANUS COBB, JR., EMERSON BENNETT, ALICE CARY,
MRS. SOUTHWORTH, MARY STANLY GIBSON,
MRS. VAUGHAN, OLIVER SINCLAIR.

In addition to the above regularly-employed and well-established writers, we are in receipt with occasional contributions from a number of other popular writers, to all of whom may be referred to our columns from week to week.

PRESS AND PULPIT.

The Press and the Pulpit ought to be, if they are not, co-laborers. Not that the latter has any property to do with the minutest labors of the press, further than to reprobate any falsehood or laxity, but because both have the elevation of society, and both profess to be guided by the spirit of Christianity, which ever and always tends to the finest, deepest and calmest the ideas, sentiments, and habits of the age. The pulpit and the editor, though in different spheres, are alike the popular teachers of society; both are politicized to make their voices heard at widely or as narrowly as extends, and its whatever tends to affect the morals, peace, and happiness of man, both are alike called to duty, and fail to exert their full powers on the side of righteousness and truth.

The press, unquestionably, stands foremost in forming public opinion; in shaping and guiding the impulses of society; in giving the overwhelming influence upon the press and upon society, temporary, elevated and refined tone, both public opinion and impulse. The press has ever been more radical than the pulpit, because more immediately connected with the practical life of society, and more keenly alive to its opposition and abuses of the profession, because more seemingly dangerous for the moment, has had the effect of arousing the public from its too narrow conservatism, and awakening it to a clearer survey of the actual condition of society—and the result is a more harmonious co-working of the two.

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CLOSING UP.

The close of the week—how gratefully it comes to toiling and weary millions. Even those who recall as religion and its duties acknowledge the wise, if not divine, ordination of the Sabbath—a day of rest and peace—does not enhance one of the grosser of human wants, as no other device could answer it. As the shadows of evening shall fall to-night, the mechanical actions will cease with their toil armor, the finger-worn needlewoman will fold by her work-basket, and every busy society a pleasure—and homeward from every busy haunt, will go the hard worn hands and eyes as with the comforts and luxuries of life. And how quiet will become the great city, rent so full of the music of diverse yet mingling labor. The song of the hammer and trowel ceased, the notions of wheels die away over the deserted streets, and odd tints and rapeon reign masters of the hour. Solitude, or welcome to every better sense. Repose, so sweet after the week's toil, and to be unbroken for a day—repose, which brings reflection and meditation, calming the soul by a review of the superfluous through which it has passed. Joy be with all, in such hours of repose. May they ever strengthen us all, to renew the battle of life with greater earnestness, and with higher aims.

WHO DARE?

We put the question boldly—who dare? There are plenty who dare rush up to the master's mouth, for gratification or pay; a plenty who dare plaster at his slightest shrug, and shake their fists in one's face; a plenty who dare do any deed of peril or shame—even to blaspheming God—but who, that can honestly and steadily avoid it, dare appear in our streets with a patch on the elbow of his coat, or on the knee of his pantaloons? Who dare have a "scolly" dressed friend, and coin him or make before society? Who dare be cold to the humblest woman, and show her, in the omnibus, the car, and on the street, that she is poor and friendless? Who dare go fine glued and feathered of fashion? Who dare have a understood among of fashionable acquaintance that he invites hard and diligently for a living, and must be prudent and economical to support himself, if single, or his family, if he have one?

These far we have put the question to men. Who dare in the Mission of the Madam, in these days, who will not pause in the midst of almost any honest labor, to apologize for it—"for" she has been caught in? Where the woman who will promenade our streets in neglit bid silks, laces and bonnets, if she can get them? Where the woman pretending to be "respectable" who will walk unveiled, or in a dress not of a strictly way of turning up her nose at the idea of domestic toil—who is not ecstatically delighted to find any one should envy the vein her kitchen, or nurse her own babies? Where the woman who will not shrink from the vast, smooth-faced Americans, with some claim to solid character, for long, lover or husband, rather than a suite of puppies from some European treadmill or galley?

There are some such men and women as we have inquired about—and all honor to them! There is still some difference for humanity and for the conduct of life, left for the worst times and communities. Not our daily experience tells us that the "dare" is impossible" has not largely upon "appearance," and four mad dogs has then they do patches. Our moral standard of being "respectable" is doubtful—would be raised by a single patch; their "decent" appearance would be a sign of the reform of that same badge. No matter how soiled their real characters, their clothes must be clean and whole. Their conscience must be reserved for gentlemen and ladies—they cannot afford to be cold to the common "herd" of mankind. The purpose "fine lady," she must avoid the odor of the kitchen and the nursery. She must be pinched, white and soft, though her husband and father may be on the verge of bankruptcy.

Appearances! Appearances! The prevailing idolatry of this is a false, shameful, ruinous one. It is the infamous lesson of the age. The preacher and the editor, though in different spheres, are alike the popular teachers of society; both are politicized to make their voices heard as widely or as narrowly as extends, and its whatever tends to affect the morals, peace, and happiness of man, both are alike called to duty, and fail to exert their full powers on the side of righteousness and truth.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

THE AUTOGRAPH FEVER.

How much more there would be in the world, if all the fools were put out of it. First, there is a mania for antique furniture; and straightway all the cabinet-shop cock-info, and their worm-eaten treasures, are rummaged over for date-fixed holes and broken-up chairs, increase in value by dollars our doomed back-bones, for ranally heroics. Then there is a mania for stoves—for open Gothic mads, on which we are expected to spatter, while we shiver our knees; (scarcely inquiring) that the while, that the benchy German-wrotted rabbit beneath us, may find he legs and let us down on a fat cushion. Then there is a mania for old china, and retires to make room for antique china, and Greek jugs, vases and pitchers, dug up to order by those who live on the weakness of others, from unhonored graves, cemeteries, and subterranean ruins; and long histories are improvised to the victimized buyers to be repeated to their friends, and to immortalize them in vague visitors, on festive occasions. Then comes the mania for autographs, and all honored names are torn from his honey head, to be twisted into wreaths and bouquets, or pressed between glass covers, to keep visitors from yawning their heads off when conversation is dull. Fathew—the confirmed autograph maniac, is unfortunately blessed with the Puritanical mania, in which the unapproachable feeling of young children and what is their finger ends, is embroidering altar-cloth "fallen," and sacerdotal book-marks, for interesting young ladies, who find the shelves of their mothers' libraries, close on the heels of which comes the autograph mania, which, like the others, may run riot, etc., to be shrivelled up in the common sense, and ridiculed by the world.

All this is comparatively harmless; but when this insanity breaks out in the form of the Autograph Letter, it is time for the law to step in and provide for those affected with this contagious disease. Fathew—the confirmed autograph maniac, is now keeping up the supply of one-cent; manufacturers of autograph china, and autograph vases, are now paid for their trouble, by those who desire these things; but when you expect an author, who lives by his brains, to write "here!" and inclose his postage "fine lady," she must avoid the odor of the kitchen and the nursery. She must be pinched, white and soft, though her husband and father may be on the verge of bankruptcy.

Appearances! Appearances! The prevailing idolatry of this is a false, shameful, ruinous one. It is the infamous lesson of the age. The preacher and the editor, though in different spheres, are alike the popular teachers of society; both are politicized to make their voices heard as widely or as narrowly as extends, and its whatever tends to affect the morals, peace, and happiness of man, both are alike called to duty, and fail to exert their full powers on the side of righteousness and truth.

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"TOO THICK TO THRIVE."

This popular saying, no doubt, has had its origin in the experience of agriculture. If the farmer sows his seed grain in more proportions to the varying strength of his fields, he knows that it is "too thick to thrive." If he turns too many pigs in his orchard pasture, he knows that they will prove "too thick to thrive." So of the pigs in his sties, the cattle in his stalls, the chickens in his poultry-yards. Everywhere he must see to it that the condition of "too thick to thrive" is avoided, if he expect his business to "thrive." But there are less literal applications of this saying: there are fields which we tend like a prize, thinking bed by the results of social and domestic interests. Among persons related as neighbors, the issue of this condition of "too thick to thrive" is often felt to the sorrow of whole neighborhoods. Families related as intimates of the same house, it still more apt to find and illustrations. Two strangers, for instance, come together in one of these relations. They have, perhaps, never seen each other before—never even heard of each other, it may be. Consequently they know nothing of each other's dispositions, habits, or sentiments. Yet they rush, as it were, into each other's arms, in the superfluity of sociality. They become inseparable companions. The mutual reluctance of a new congeniality. For a time they get along very smoothly and pleasantly. But, lo, and behold, some little squall of gossip strikes the craft of their fancied congeniality. It is capsized and wrecked, and a wreck it is like inevitable consequence!

"Too much is would be no!" exclaims some more cautious neighbor or fellow-boarder, "for they were to thick to thrive."

That there was ground for fearing such a finale, the sequel, in such cases, is sure to demonstrate. The sudden intimacy is destroyed, and it is difficult to fit apart with a violence of repulsion only equaled by the fervor of their fancied congeniality. Intimate friends straightway become bitter enemies. Others are, in all probability, involved in the quarrel, and the honors and peace of the neighborhood is utterly destroyed!

Let us avoid the evil to which points the valuable warning of our caption. A greater degree of caution in the formation of acquaintance, and especially in contracting intimacies, would insure social exemption from not a few lamentable evils, caused by being "too thick to thrive."

HUSH.

"I am afraid," said a friend of ours interested in fruit-growing, "that the open weather, which we have had now for some time, will cause the fruit to soon for safety, and that there will be another failure of the fruit."

How thankful are the experiences of human life! Many are the buds of hope that are destroyed by the frosts of adversity, ere the blossoms are fully blown, so that the fruit never comes.

Then the young mother, with her first-born. It is the bud of parental bliss to her. In her dreams of its future, and of the fruit of its grateful love, she is happy in the world to her. Its every motion and its every tone are watched with delight, and the first development of every action of its little angelic eyes to her soul!

Would we could insure the unfolding of that bud into even childhood's blossom, to my nothing of the fruit of a mature life. But we cannot. Ere that flower has gone, the frost of death has come, and have nipped and blasted it utterly, or (what is worse) left it to exist as a sickly sufferer through long years of agony!

Hush, then, all selfish beauty. What promises it gives of fruition, rich and rare, is womanhood. What exultant expectation on the part of her doting parents—what admiration on the part of a crowd of admirers. They impatiently await her escape from the thraldom of the school-room, and the approval of other barriers to her acquaintance and love. And then they wait in vain! That bud may never come. See, already, the hectic flush upon her young cheek! It makes her appear all the more beautiful. But it points to the accelerated rush rather than the bridal ball. Consumption has marked her for its victim, and from Death himself, to claim another victim. The fruit of her beauty will never come!

Verily, uncertain are all the fruitless promised by the buds of human hope.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

What millions of newspapers are read daily on this round earth! Ah, and how many thousand! The vast mass of readers cast back of the curtain, behind which the typographers, the newspaper compositors, the printers, the writers, the reporters, the editors, the publishers, the proprietors, the paper-makers, the ink-makers, the press-makers, the engravers, the stereotypers, the folders, the mailers, the carriers, the newsboys, the newsmen, the clerks, the counters, the cashiers, the bookkeepers, the collectors, the agents, the canvassers, the solicitors, the managers, the foremen, the overseers, the superintendents, the proprietors, the owners, the stockholders, the directors, the presidents, the secretaries, the treasurers, the trustees, the boards of trustees, the boards of directors, the boards of presidents, the boards of secretaries, the boards of treasurers

THE SUMMER STORM.

BY ALICE CARY.

At noon-time I stood in the dore-way to see
The sprin, burst like thisters, as white as could be,
Along the near meadow, starred in like a wedge
Between the high-road, and the stubble-mark'd edge.

The leaves of the elm-tree were dusky and brown,
The birds sate still upon their nests, brooding down:
The corn reached its blades out, as if in the pain
Of cripping and stretching it felt for the rain.

Their mosic froze tarting away from the sun,
The oxen waited up to their fetlocks in the cool;
The sheep, as hard-loring, divided their flocks,
And thirsty lay down by the wall in the rocks.

At sunset there rose and stood black in the east
A cloud with the forehead and breast of a beast,
That quick to the mouth went higher and higher,
With fast-fast were thunder and lire where eyes fire.

Then came a hot cough, like a gust of his breath,
And the leaves took the trouble and withiness of death,—
Then he shook his head, and his mane and his
Came wilding and shaking, with back crashing in.

At twi light the darkness was fearful to see—
"Make room," cried the children, "O mother, for me!"
An clutching her chair and her lap, with alarm,
And whisper—We ever there seen such a storm !"

At morning, the sun where the storm-beast there laide,
Had washed up a hedge of white roses from its bathe;
The meadow was wet, like a lake-strand, and each side
The grasses like rivers ran muddy and wide.

The hardwood had started more gay to the wood,
And the way was the nearest that led through the pood;
The red hill were never so shining a sad,
Nor the pigeon so glossy a ring on her thread.

The hemmer sat straight in his place by the stone,
And sang to his sweet-heart and trust, both at once;
And neighbors stood hands o'er the hedge that day,
And talked of their homesteads instead of their hay.

KARMEL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GUNBEARER OF MISSISSIPPI," "THE RIVER CHIEFTAIN," "GROD, THE GOLD-SEEKER," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870 by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

A FLOW FOR LIFE AND LIBERTY

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BROKEN BANK, AND A BROKEN HEAD.

Karmel gazed up in the direction pointed out by his companion, and he could distinguish a break in the outline, where a narrow defile cleft the high wall visible. It seemed as though a trap-door were lifted up there. But the mystery was soon solved. A voice from above spoke, in a whisper, but yet plain to those below,—

"Who are you, down there?"

"Prisoners," returned Robert.

"What kind of prisoners?"

The youth hesitated a moment, for this was something unexpected. But he reasoned that now to tell the truth plainly could do no harm, and that to prevaricate would do no good. So he said,—

"We are Rebels of the deepest dye!"

"Good," uttered the man above, who spoke with a gruff voice, but frankly withal. It was one of those kind of voices which could not possibly find room in a small heart. "We are of the same stripe up here. We head 'po caills' for water, so we know ye must be prisoners, for we've not heard of Mark Redcliffe! And maybe ye've heard of his brother Harry? We've both here. Now, who may you two be?"

"Mark and Harry?" cried Robert, tingling to his feet. They were his own men, whom he had been with him for years. They were with him when he took the British brig. "Surely you know my voice?" he added.

"It's got a familiar ring to it; but it sounds odd down in that place."

"Well—it is Robert Pemberton."

"Robert Pemberton be—beggin' your pardon—but can it know ye now? By the holy piper, Captain, I'd be the happiest man in the world to have met ye in any other place. But who's with ye?"

"Karmel!"

"Jerusalem!—Karmel! And have the villains got the two best men in the Jerseys in their power?"

"Is there a window to your room?" Robert asked.

"Yes. But it's got iron bars to it, that no mortal man can break."

"Karmel," gasped one here, turning towards the spot where he supposed the old man stood, for the opening of the trap-door had been made large enough into the dungeon to enable them to distinguish objects, "may there not be some way out from here? We can cut those bars; and cut off our irons, too."

"Of course there's means," the scout returned. "If they can't tie up shars we may soon find the way into fresh air."

"Mark," said the youth, addressing his friend above, "if we can contrive to get out here we can very soon cut off anything in the shape of iron."

"Ye can?"

"Yes. We are prepared for such work. We have no window bars to cut."

"We could get up easy enough if we had one to look on."

"Hold on a few moments. We'll see what can be done.—Here, Karmel: come and take off my irons for me."

Robert kneeled down as he spoke, and the scout very eagerly set off to do it, while he drew the blade and bow of a fine axe. The bow was made in a semi-circular form, on purpose to conceal in that manner while the blade was in process desti ning, to be brought into the same shape.

When the Rebels had escaped from the prison in New Brunswick they knew they should be liable to be retaken again; and they kept the little axes which Romille had brought to them. Subsequently Andrew Van Ruter made new bows, or frames, for them, so that they could be carried in the neck-cloth—almost the last place in which a man would think of looking for a saw! Thus the Rebels now had their useful tools at hand.

Karmel set a few moments to fitting the blade into the frame; and having tightened it by means of a little thumb-screw, he proceeded to cut the connecting bolt of Robert Pemberton. Then this was done, he cut away his companion's fetters; and then had his own cut in turn. After this he spoke to Mark:

"Ho! look upon the edge of the hole and let your feet hang down here," he said. "Perhaps I can reach them."

Mark did so, and Robert found that he could reach the feet easily. Without much trouble he felt out the bolt, and placed his axe upon it; and in a few moments the bar was cut in twain.

"Now remove those irons without noise," said Robert; "and then try to reach me your hands."

This was easily done. Mark took off the irons from his feet, and at the connection was made by passing the bar through a link of the connecting chain, of course the irons were free as soon as the bolt was pulled out. He then lay down upon his belly and let his hands hang through the trap. Robert reached them easily, and the irons were removed without trouble.

Mark was now free, and he began to plan for the raising of his friends below.

"My old frock is strong enough," he said. "I can't reach with my hands in any position where I could lift; but if you'll just hold on, I reckon I can raise ye."

As he spoke he pulled the garment off; and having rolled it up properly, he let it down. Robert seized it; and then, by main strength, Mark Redcliffe hauled him up. The fisherman was a powerful fellow, and the weight was but slight upon his stout arms. In the same way the scout was lifted up, and then the trap-door was shut.

A few moments were spent in glad greetings—and they were glad ones—for even the two brothers, in view of the hope before them, and the meeting with their beloved and honored young captain, forgot the deep grief that had oppressed them. They had not forgotten their good old father; but the hope of vengeance was a great relief—a few moments were spent in greetings, and then they turned their attention to work.

"We must get away as soon as possible," said Harry Redcliffe. "Oh! I only see to do one more five, with a good weapon in my hands. Our father shall be avenged!"

"Your father?" questioned Robert. "What of him?"

"Dead!—killed!" ground Mark. "Shot down before our eyes!"

"But how happened it?"

"It was done! . A party of Tories had come out on a foraging expedition, I expect; and they passed our cottage. Harry and I happened to be in, and they saw us, and knew us. Just a week before, Harry and I, with four others, were out after a British foraging party, and we had a little brush with them. We killed two of them, and wounded three more, and we had taken a few prisoners. Among the latter was a Tory, and he

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"Why—he's a friend of mine. D'ye think he's a prisoner here?"

"I'm sure. This is early in——"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Harry, who had been examining the soldier closely, "here's a woman's necklace. Wonder if they've got a female prisoner."

As the Robert rushed to the spot. It was a lady's necklet. If Eugene were there, might not there be three also?

"Good heavens!" he gasped, turning to Karnel, "do you think it possible?"

"Yes. Anything is possible these times. But we'll have it out of this fellow."

A large knife had been taken from the blanket when he was secured by Mark, and as Karnel cast off the bandage from his mouth, the other brother stood over him with the knife stayed at his heart.

"Now look ye," Karnel said as he took off the gag, "if you utter one word where a how fine you are a dead man! Dare understand?"

The brother, who was evidently terrified at the unexpected visit, bowed frightened his fear out of his nose silently; and the presence of that knife struck a second terror to his heart.

"Oh-ho! I went! I went!" he gasped. "Don't kill me! don't kill me!"

"We won't kill you if you tell the truth," returned the stout, sternly. "But you must answer what and we are desperate men, and are enemies to you and your companions. Tell us what we wish to know, and you shall not be harmed. Refuse us, or lie to us, and you die on the spot! Now answer me: Is Colonel Fairlie in the house opposite?"

"I—I—do!" gasped the terrified man.

"You need not be alarmed if you tell us the truth. Who came with the Colonel?"

"There were—a—two officers, and—these officers sir, and three of his orderlies, sir."

"That's only five."

"Ah—a—I meant seven in all—seven with me."

"And were those no others came with him?"

"Only two prisoners, sir."

"Ah—two prisoners! Who were they?"

"I don't know, sir, only one was a man, and the other was a woman."

"Was it a young woman?"

"Yes, sir—a very pretty woman, I should judge."

"Didn't you hear her called by any name?"

"No, sir."

"Well—what sort of a looking man was the other prisoner?"

"He was quite old, sir, with the same description of——"

"That'll do."

"Oh, sir—for the truth. So help me God!"

"Very well," said Karnel. "Then you say this same evening there was a lady there?"

The poor fellow pondered a few moments, and then replied,—

"Now, remember the old man's with and the prisoners, sir."

"Oh! I'll see, is it. Master Mark Redcliffe!—Master Mark Red-fool!" The tweak him by the hair to get Gill out, every one on yet! Gill out, I say!"

Mark obeyed with a low, low laugh, and as the stout-man Harry caught her by the hand to help her arise. Two bells were taken from one of the loud soldiers, and with these they secured the dressed and screamed like a wild beast; but her voice was muffled about the gag, and her struggles to get free, unless he had clambered out on the window and run off. He also was fastened, however, to the bed, and left in charge of the brother which she were on her head.

By the remarkable Lyndam had been bound, though he had not yet recovered from the effects of the blow he had received.

"Where are the other two officers that came with the colonel?" queried Robert.

"Here, sir," said the soldier, and Mark: "as they may be in the little bed-room over the hall, sir. They did it last night, sir, and they said then they were to receive on if they came, while you was in down cellar."

The man to be bound was the orderly who had come down with the colonel; and as the brothers turned to attend to him, they saw that the door-lock lights and started for the cellar. They found it locked effectively; and having only a candle, soon a response came from an outcome corner. Mark's voice answered, and the brothers then moved forward what appeared to be the main room. The door was secured by a padlock on the outside, and there was no key in it.

"Clara?" he cried.

Again came the sobbin, and a faint voice said,—

"Who is it?"

"Mark!" answer speaking Robert hurried the end of his iron bar within the lock of the padlock, and with one quick wrench tore it off. In a moment more the door was thrown open and Clara stood. Her eye his sister, and for the moment he loved Lyndam was dead. She threw her arms round her neck, and the noise she had made was only by the sweetness of her voice. The feelings were cast off, and then the fond elder brother pressed to her brother's bosom.

"Clara—my sister!" he uttered, almost overcome with sorrow for her suffering, and rage against the villain who had caused it. "I am thankful that I have found you. You are not hurted—no? tell me he has not hurt you?"

"Only what you see," she sobbed, murmured, clinging tenderly to her brother.

"Then he is safe for the present," said Mark, moving forward.

"Where is he, Clara? Where is the villain?"

"Oh, Mark, you have nothing to fear from him, I will save you now."

"Has—has—he gone?"

The girl cast spoken half of her lover's name when she saw him coming with Karnel. Eugene turned forward, and caught her hand, but Clara went was to ask the same question which Robert had just answered. It was a joyous meeting for the presence of their two friends gave promise of liberty, and Eugene felt sure that Mr. Harland that he lived, and was returned to him safe.

"Ha—There's a row up stairs!" cried Karnel, hopping up the steps as he spoke.

Robert quickly followed, leaving Eugene to comfort Clara. But his assistance was not needed. Mark and Harry had done the work before Karnel got up. The two officers—two lieutenants—had come down from the stables, and the Robert brothers had knocked them down, and one of them, consolately, was dead.

All the denizens of the house were now secured for the time being; but as he did not make his appearance, no further thought was held of him. It might be of carrying off the prisoners of which the question! Pursuit must be along soon—they might be at hand even now. So they took all the weapons they could find, amounting to seven pistols and a brace of swords, and then they waited for from the time of their entering the house up to the present time had not been long—not over fifteen minutes as the farthest—for they watched smartly. They had found their enemies half asleep, and had conquered for resistance, and hence their work had been comparatively easy. Mark and Harry did not feel hurt in capturing, for they were alive of the two soldiers. They found five men, including Lyndam, and two of the officers who had come down last. The rest were either dead, or so near like it that no sign of life could be detected.

They now made for the stable, where horses were found in good and capable condition, and by the time the whole party were in their saddles, Eugene had gathered up his reins when the brave Clara had been left in charge of the house, and joined with the rest.

Robert had a position fitting to secure them all, there without whoever it would have been done so; but the thing was impossible. The men acted with their own accord, and they were all too glad to gain their feet the result could be good to be questioned. Lyndam was the only person left behind, and he could of use to knock the lovely prisoner down over and let a very few seconds pass when everything was the four. Karnel and Robert used every precaution to avoid taking this fact into the knowledge of Lyndam, for they felt that unbeloved old man when they called for him was quite sharp memory, and that he was familiar with the power of weapons.

He was the last left and Karnel, as he was the last mounted down.

"Here's two that I don't think I need look after," he said.

"Yes," said Robert. "Look there!"

As he spoke he pointed to the body of one of the dragoon men. "That must account for those two officers," he added. "Now they'll have to stop their to waste a spell—they'll be sharp and expeditious, and we'll be off."

They now made for the main road, and by the time they were fairly upon it the whole party were in their saddles. Eugene had gathered up his reins when the brave Clara had been left in charge of the house, and joined with the rest.

Robert had gathered up his reins when the brave Clara had been left in charge of the house, and joined with the rest.

Mark and Harry, bleeding and dashed with wounds, and in the darkness—for the moon had not risen—they could not see the bullets. Hooves were alive of the two soldiers. They found five men, including Lyndam, and two of the officers who had come down last. The rest were either dead, or so near like it that no sign of life could be detected.

They now made for the stable, where horses were found in good and capable condition, and by the time the whole party were in their saddles,

THE WEDDED PAIR.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

That floral cradle—that floral cradle—when dawn's new day
Wakes
With fairy-like dewy dances, on field of radiant grass—
In beauty's pride you shone so bright, as he clung close to you,
Mingling a lovelier loving love and mortal where then—
I guess and say how you never can, I believe you will say,
The hope it was to think that one so pure should ever die—
Or that you could, when you were gone, and still as fair and good,
Could ever fade!

As when you entered first my eyes upon that happy night,
I'll write it here, I'll never forget that day you didn't in love
To me—to me, and I to you, and I whisper'd it to your ear,
With downcast eyes, and shrinking cheek, but eyes of stern
delight.

Then, softly, in tender, beseeching tone, I'll say, and sinking
words—
"Dear, I feel the power of love—what to say and what to do—
As if good, honest my very heart, and strange your image
there—
And here you sit, and here you sit—with me! mother now,
my family first, as when you died, do listen to my vow.

I cannot tell, I cannot tell, what other days may bring,
But, oh, to you! has been to me my bright, unclouded
spring!
I know my happiest life on earth none painful changes feel,
And that the vows which deeper life will test you cannot
shrink!
I know, however untruthful and grateful there are now,
That slip will fall—that slip will fall! but that you'd never
know!
And, dear, my heart—my faithful heart, is ever young and
true!
For time, that thieves me wind on all, will leave no impress
there.

Whatever trouble, whether debt, or be no new dear act—
A crown of pride and joy to me, the solace of my heart!
There, whatever sorrow smite or blow, I never can repine—
I'll look on thee, and soon me blest beyond the sorrows me!
And, oh! with such and all hopes are fadeless, from you there
And more beside my dying words as close my eyes into you!
I know you'll never, never, never, never, never, never
forget!
Then we shall meet in perfect love, and never, never part.

LOVE AND DUTY;

OR,

MARION HAMILTON'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY O. VAUGHAN.

My eyes grow sad and sorrow,
My heart is faint of ease,
But to live, that each to sorrow
Is the hardest task I see.

TENNYSON.

"No, Jane, this cannot be. This discussion but adds to the misery I must endure. No more can I see her further."

James Lincoln turned away impetuously, and strode towards the door. His hand was on the latch, and in a moment more he would have been gone, when a low, faint voice arrested him, and for the sight of the drooping figure of the girl who had just spoken. In her despair she had sunk down, collapsed and nerveless, upon the sofa beside which she had been standing, and her pale weeping; and her hands were clasped upon her knee, above the shiny eyes.

"Marion," he said, coming slowly back to her side, "I will not take the wild words you have spoken this morning as your real wish. If the matter calmly—calmly as you can," he added, in answer to an imploring look, "will decide now. To-morrow, as you know, I must leave you for this journey of a month. Let me know before I go, that when I return to you, I may be ready, and without delay, to accompany me to my new home in the far West."

"Ah, James, have I not told you that my duty compels me to remain and nurse my mother's life? I cannot, will not leave her!"

"But, dearest Marion, has life no other duty except the care of your mother? Is there no privilege to me whom promised you have been for more than five years? Have I toiled and waited in vain, or only to meet this terrible disappointment as I plume my fair dream of the happiness of a long delayed happiness?"

"Say 'nay' happiness, James; and believe me when I tell you that it is not you only who suffer. But do not ask me to leave my mother."

"I do not, dearest, if she will go with us, and if not, have I not promised that her comforts shall be secured here, if she won't her entire upon your duty?"

"Yes, James, a claim second only to hers. I have promised to be your wife, and I promised long before never to leave my mother. That promise she made to me, and was sealed by the last kiss of his cold lips. I dare not break. But I love you fondly, dearly, James, and could not live without my daily care. I would have persuaded her, as you would have me to go with us, but she fears the journey and the discomforts of a long and unsettled region, and—it is enough James, that I cannot go with you."

"It is enough, Marion, if you will let the whim of a selfish invalid, whose ailments are more imaginary, separate us," the young man replied, bitterly.

"And she has been a good mother to me, and but yesterday, to destroy my peace, and the happiness of the child she vainly fondly professes to love so much—"

"James, look, I beseech you. Remember she is my mother. Your words would be unpardonable did I not know how much your disappointment has driven you to speak. I do not blame you, suffer for years; my own life may be shorter from the fact my duty has plain before me, and I must not neglect it."

"And my profession is to be measured by your own; and I, too, have to sacrifice my interests, my and self-esteem; must be the victim of yours! Thank me, Marion, if you are not unjust."

"I know that you will suffer at this, James, but you must forget me as soon as possible. It would be selfish for me to ask you to wait for me, and to make yourself unhappy on my account. I shall hope that one not very far distant, may find some lovely girl will take the place I once thought would be mine, and your happiest days poor Marion ever could have done."

"And so you cast me off forever! It is not only for a few years or years' duration, it is for my mother, but for our lives. Pain, dreadful girl, you never loved me, or you would not so coolly talk of hoping that another might breathe for your place in my heart. Go back to Will, Will and Edwin. Go and whine of duty, and marry another if you will, when you have rid yourself of me. I will trouble you no more."

"But, James—"

"Silence, I say. Your decision is hatred that, and I was a dupe and a fool, not scorner to have understood it before."

His hand was again on the latch, when a smothered cry reached his ear. Marion had risen and tottered toward him. His resolve met the outstretched arms and the pleading gaze. He took her in his arms and bore her back to the sofa. He kissed her brow and lips, and clasped her cold hands while she wept silently, clinging to him as the drowning one clings to the frail spar that alone interposes between him and death.

After a while she rose up, pale and calm. He thought she had relented, and began to speak of hours of the child plans which in happier days they had often talked about, but she laid her hand to his and said:

"No more, James, no more. Indeed, I cannot bear it. Let us say farewell now, and go each on our way. God will not let us be utterly desolate if we act rightly, and trust in Him. It is hard, oh, it is hard, but farewell, James."

She bent forward and pressed her lips for an instant upon his brow, and before he could speak had glided from the room.

Awed by her strange calmness, James Lincoln did not endeavor to detain her, though he felt that hope and love were dead to her, and that he was left even from him. He heard her light tread upon the stairs, and then in the room above the one in which he sat. He heard the invalid's querulous tones, and a gentle reply in Marion's voice. With a deep, brother pity for the young woman who was thus devoting her best years and sacrificing her best hopes with such reverence and duty, a manner sometimes compelled to feel her virtues, that little for them the mercenary and selfish, he went his way, feeling that no one had Marion Hamilton should ever be his wife, even if he waited for her till the bright head that had that night rested upon his bosom, was covered with the snows of age.

But the cold light of the next morning dispelled all such warm visions from his mind, and the old journey, feeling himself a very ill-used man, and that the world was all wrong. So he shook Marion Hamilton from his head, and his heart, and his life, and went on his way, wanting another bride as quickly as possible.

Marion, meanwhile, was performing her selfimposed round of duties, for which she had no love, and the hungour of a frame exhausted by long nursing, sustained, and nothing else, by the strength of the strong nervous excitement of the fearful struggle which she had undergone, and by no means extraordinary. Her mother's querulous call, clung to her as all that remained of a once happy household, but could not satisfy the deep and the growing selfishness of the confined invalid, nor repress the bitterness with which she received the cool complacency with which the announcement of a decision that had cost her so much, was received. It was partly not more than she expected of her mother, for those comfort she had sacrificed love and hopes, that strengthened through the years it was long, should at least have spoken words of comfort, if not of sympathy.

But the strength which had borne Marion thus far through the conflict did not now desert her; and, after the first pangs of disappointment and sorrow would have ruled my change in her, energy to prayer expended of the struggle, and to the activity with which she sought constant aid she nothing complained.

Within a year Marion Hamilton saw the notice of James Lincoln's marriage, in a newspaper sent her by her friend Jane Grafton, and the next by the bearers of unpleasant tidings. She listened and replied to all the comments of the neighbors upon the event, and the remarks and condolescences of her friend, with a quiet calmness that those of them might have been a slight added gravity of manner, but nothing more. No strength curious eyes were upon her. But it was well for her that no one could sometimes escape to the solitude of her own chamber, where only the eye of the Father witnessed the outburst of her repressed sufferings.

She was left alone, and in a few years from that last the vague hope of his return, and of a future reunion, the constant aim of her manner was a truer reflection of her soul.

Marion's life was very monotonous. Much of it was passed in the chamber of the invalid, in the semblance in the imprisonment of their household and in a continuous round of duties. Her time was given to society and the amusements and occupations that usually fill the hours of a young lady. Sometimes the ill-natured very dreary and solicitous, but the time was coming when its own sad procession reckon was to be counted upon with regret.

The appointed hour, with whom the prophecy of Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter was fulfilled, arrived, suddenly called. The invalid's life was a wreck, and with it was imagined the moderate competence of the widow and orphan.

Almost without warning the last sheaf of poverty gathered about them. The firm entrusted, their money had invested with them, proved to be speculations that involved all the other possessions. The home in which Marion had spent the best of her days, her father's splendid library, his choice old plate and some valuable jewels, heirlooms from fortune accumulated, all were swept away that would not wait.

Mrs. Hamilton became so feeble in mind as she had long been in body, under this new and great trial, and upon Marion everything devolved. Not as it was who faced many creditors—she it was who stood bravely between her mother's misfortunes and humiliation, and they sunk back to gather up the fragments of their once plentiful possessions, to secure the remaining of the old home, and to procure sacred to some memory of joy or sorrow, to see the books her father had loved, the pictures which he had been wont to call his friends, the many other associations that had been accumulated to use, passing under the name of the world's misfortune and the possession of people to whom they were only valuable because they could purchase at the Hamilton sale.

When all was over, Marion sat down amidst the wreck to consider the future that lay before her. The thing was called, and the last hope of escape, resource; their income was swallowed up, while their necessities were not diminished. The invalid must not give up the luxuries to which she had been accustomed; she must have choice food, and soft clothes and various attendance.

Marion saw that upon her devolved a new and untried duty, to provide for them. Mrs. Hamilton could not be made to comprehend her slender. Her complaints and reproaches saddened all the hours that the devoted daughter would have given to her comfort, and finally made it necessary that a nurse should be hired to watch over her incessantly. To defray the added expense Marion had, therefore, at extra hours, so completely filling her time that for many days she was not at home during her hurried meals.

Three years of the life was sufficient to change Marion Hamilton from a healthy, vigorous girl to a faded but prematurely old woman. Her mother had become the utterly helpless victim of paralysis; her case demanded the attendance of celebrated physicians, and one that could only be secured at great expense. Marion saw no period for rest or relaxation of effort, and only shook her head at the well-meant remonstrances of her friends.

"If my strength but holds out till my mother ceases to need my care, all will be well. She must not suffer, and for me it matters not. I long ago decided my life to her, and have no thought of drinking now what she need require the exertion."

Within a week the great yearly examination was to be held, and Marion was busy in her school-room with a class of advanced pupils, who had begun their studies for the long vacation with unusual zeal, when a messenger came to summon Marion to her mother's side with the tidings of a sudden seizure that it was feared would end only in death. Marion, with a few calm directions to her assistant, glided out of the circle of bright faces, now overshadowed by an undefinable terror, and soon stood by the bed-side of her unconscious parent.

Day after hour passed, and only a bold breathing quickened life in the rigid form. There was nothing to be done but to watch, and wait for the Angel's visit, or the lingering power break over her spirit and weather the paralysis that decided her night and left her helpless as a child. Into the depth that only one function of the physical frame remained, Marion retreated to the duties that called her imperatively elsewhere. Every hour that could be spared from the sick-room, or the side of the dying woman, and the day after day she would watch from dusk to dawn of the fearful process, which was the harbor of the soul, upon the spirit hushed in silence of love and agony, to the duties of her profession.

Days of examination came and passed, and Marion was at her post. Her pupils were assembled and under other hands than their own, and the anxious solicitude of the teacher was not needed. Her duties were all done, and none comment that enabled her to preserve the confidence of others, to decide what she was to do herself.

When all was over she went home. She ran up hurriedly, but could not enter the room. She had accustomed herself to the darkness, and there was no light in the chamber of death.

She never left her post again. There, in the darkness and the silence, she received the last confidence of her people, and listened without reply to their reference to her future. Her mother died, as she, they stole away, saved by the sight of suffering and hardship.

A few days and her weary watch was ended. So gently, that the watchers by died, beside—scarce could tell when the spirit of desolation, the spirit of Marion's sacrifices, and cares, and labors had left a happy home. Her mother's body was buried, and the coffin, and the grave, were needed more.

With that strange, unnatural calmness that had borne her through all, Marion moved about directing the necessary duties for the last sad ceremonies, but remarkable funeral. All was ready at last, and in her black dress and veil she took her place by her mother in the grave alone—the only mourner, her friends, and even her kindred, not in the veins of an institution on the side of the great ocean that had divided her parents from their native land.

But the strength that had sustained her through all these trials, was not to be taken away. Those that were consecrated as her mother's graves failed her. She was left alone, and a long illness, from which it was feared she would never recover, the kind friends who gathered round her her back to life and to duty. A long, fearful struggle with death ensued, and the fearful question of her possession was decided.

She passed her life at the house of Jane Grafton, where her own eyes and home her, and, under her gentle ministrations, she gradually regained her health, and resolute at the scene of dependence, and would, often, have left the house of her friend, but for the little ones that shared in these hospitable homes, and who were her constant companions, and whom she was manifestly perverted.

Marion Hamilton was now in her twenty-fifth year, and was the mistress of a large and pleasant home, and the mother of two children, who were the idols of her heart. Her husband was a lawyer, and his wife was a lawyer, and his wife was a lawyer, and his wife

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

FLOWERS.

BY C. D. STUART.

There is a spirit, old as earth,
But beautiful and new;
Which dies with the flowers buds'rd,
And withers with the dew.

When fire—through Nature's new desire—
Reclaim the forbidden love,
And bathed in "pure" and "fair" to see,
The Lord make weep'st.

And sometimes turned from Eden's flowers
These fled-here sinners turn,
Away from all its earthly flowers,
Upon the barren earth.

But pitying, ere in thrown to pained,
His angels—brethren there—
O'er all the earth their footsteps cast,
And felt, and sad, and cold,

Wrought with a power—earth's starry universe—
And on the fair from view,
They drop seeds of flowers with crying tears.
Which must have passed for dew.

And thus, though Paradise was lost
By first of human ill,
Their children know, though sorely crossed,
God's love is left—blood.

FOREST SKETCHES—NO. 15.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DURAND.

AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

Uncle Ben Clifford said he would tell us a story, if we would let him bake us into the Arctic regions:

"Don't care what yer take us," said Fitzhenry, "er yer'll only tell us de lie?"

"I don't always tell the truth, you black imp o' Satan, Fitz."

"Ahem! O—my eyes, Uncle Ben, you don't mean for to say did yer don't lie sometimes,—'cause yer does. Did yer ever tell me dat one day 'bout tickin' yer tongue?"

"My dear Fitzhenry, I am not going to tell you that I was by the cob, and I don't intend to."

"Then if the bear lyin-by turns her attention to you, keep your eye on her. Look out for sort of countenance if yer can! Mind yer—don't offer to fight, if yer wants to get back to de cabin, but don't take your eye off de bear!" said Fitz, as he laid smoking more, but what it was I couldn't see.

My self and Fitz were out shooting, and I was now left to my own resources of thought and fancy.

"I turned towards the bear, and she was still over her work, never moving hitherto. At first, and for some time, she had trid to scrape it; but finally she seemed to realize that something was wrong with the matter, for she set up a howling that made my heart quake. But as yet she paid no attention to me, other than to look me narrowly, and over and anon raise her head and shake it. Whether this was with joy or with grief, I could not determine.

"The bear was what had been the outer point of the triangle, while I was near the centre of the opposite side, and close by the edge; so I could keep my eyes both on her and watch things, too. I was not being carried directly away from the cabin, but in a line, as it were, with its erection. Since the ram my near east and west, and I was going south by west. The direction of ice made out into the sea, I did not stop then to consider. I was on the ice, keeping pace with my floating prison. I could not distinguish any of its features; but when he hallooed now, I could hear and know his voice. I was a mile from him, surely! Away to the north-west, and the bear, after a time, remounted, and I wondered if I should ever see her again—if ever again I should rest within her warm embrace.

"O—Lorra! Laura! I cried—for at that moment the thought struck me that I should have a friend to me—I'll never rest this poor frame before my mother again!' If this kind of thought then. You may think what you please of it,—but I tell ye, I could have sat down at that moment and have wept for her and cried like a child. I felt just like doing it. For the while all fear was gone from me, and I felt for the moment only the love of earth. I saw the old ship growing dim in the distance, and it seemed as though I was parting from me. If the bear hadn't been there to look at me and make me ashamed I believe I should have sat down and cried.

"However, all such feelings were pretty soon knocked on the head, for the bear came back to me and then, with a sharp growl, she came towards me. She came half way across, and there stopped. I kept my eyes upon her, and she seemed undecided how to act. I laid my logos of safety from her on the ground, and I felt